I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore I iuſt, a verſe in *Horace*, right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſſe.
Heeres no ſound ieſt, the old man hath found their gilt,
And ſends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſſe well a foote,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her reſt in her vnreſt a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happy ſtarre,
Led vs to Rome ſtrangers, and more then ſo
Captiues to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Demet. But me more good to ſee ſo great a Lord,
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend vs gifts.
Moore Had he not reaſon Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vſe his daughter very friendly?
Demet. I would we had a thouſand Romane Dames
At ſuch a bay, by turne to ſerue our luſt.
Chiron. A charitable wiſh and full of loue.
Moore. Heere lacks but your mother for to ſay Amen.
Chiron. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Demet. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets ſound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a ſonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurſe with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords, O tell me did you ſee *Aron* the
Aron. Well, more or leſſe, or nere a whit at all, (Moore
Heere

Heere *Aron* is, and what with *A*
Nurſe. Oh gentle *Aron*, we a
Now helpe, or woe betide thee
Aron. Why what a catterwalli
What doſt thou wrap and fumb
Nurſe. O that which I would
Our Empreſſe ſhame, and ſtate
She is deliuered Lords, ſhe is de
Aron. To whome?
Nurſe. I meane ſhe is broug
Aron. Wel God giue her goo
Nurſe. A deuill.
Aron. Why then ſhe is the D
Nurſe. A ioyles, diſmall, bl
Heere is the babe as loathſome
Amongſt the faireſt breeders o
The Empreſſe ſends it thee, thy
And bids thee chriſten it with t
Aron. Zounds ye whore, is b
Sweet blows, you are a beautiou
Deme. Villaine what haſt t
Aron. That which thou can
Chiron. Thou haſt vndone o
Aron. Villaine, I haue done
Demet. And therein helliſh
Woe to her chance, and damb
Accurſt the offſpring of ſo foul
Chiron. It ſhall not liue.
Aron. It ſhall not die.
Nurſe. *Aron* it muſt, the mot
Aron. What muſt it Nurſe?
Doe execution on my fleſh and
Dem. Ile broach the tadpole
Nurſe giue it me, my ſword ſha

G

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g